

Monday.

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This is Grandma's 92nd birthday. Clondesley and I spent most of last week changing the back yard from a catch-all into a croquet court. It was work — real work — but it is nice to have it all done. We gaze with satisfaction on the smooth expanse, and bless Photo. We sent Grandma out to Arthur's Sunday, and put in the wickets, after a final rolling. Mama paid for the set (\$7). This morning we presented the court, and played the first regular game, Abon and I against Clondesley and Grandma. Her first croquet game — at 92 — and she and K. won.



Saturday.

Abou, Grandma, Mama and I (and Mr. Parney and Mrs. Hilleary!) went to Mrs. Ingraham's garden party in the afternoon. The only thing worth remembering, besides the crew, was the paved terrace, covered with a great red marquee. Of course, there were nice things to eat — Neapolitan ice-cream, fresh strawberries, Huntly and Palmer wafers. And across the hollow — though this was not part of the "affair" — there stands the most beautiful house I have ever seen, built in the style of a French castle, of solid stone, in color the most heavenly green, and countless windows. It is situated on a low hill, with avenues on three sides, and the carriage drive on the fourth. Seclusion? Rather! Florence Moore says it belongs to an old Methodist beast, who won't allow anyone to smile on Sunday!

Leaving Mrs. Ingraham's, Mama and I called on Virginia Bowman, chiefly to see what kind of a person Opal Plankowski



happened to be, and if she could take a part in the Company. Opal was not there, having gone for her music lesson. So we waited, and talked to Virginia, and then Natalie, Opal's cousin, played a gymnastic arrangement for us. Maama, wishing to be polite, and yet being unable to praise the performance, asked ~~the name of the piece~~ some question about the piece. Said Virginia, "Perhaps you'd better ask Opal." We both turned, and there she stood, a little girl with a fat, round face and hair hanging straight down all around her head. Virginia had said Opal was a genius, but the sight of her rather belied the statement - at first. "Can you play?" asked Ma. "Yes," she replied simply. There was no hesitation, no fidgeting, as she walked to the piano. She played "The Palms", and played it gloriously. Her touch is wonderful, combining the strength of a man's playing with all the delicacy of a woman's - This little girl of 13, who has studied for only 2 years!



Thursday.

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The opening of the Mason Opera House. Bob's not being in Los Angeles, I went alone. The play was poor, and poorly acted. "If I Were King" with E. H. Sothern and Cecilia Loftus in the leading rôles. But it was the first time I ever wore a dress suit - the christening of my beautiful rig (I mean regalia) and the first night of the new theatre. My ticket cost me \$3, in the 5th row of the dress circle, but I'm glad I went. Had I not done so, I would always have felt that I had missed a great treat. I was not disappointed, for Clouderley saw saw the performance in New York, and said it was vile; hence, as it was only very poor - which is not so bad as vile - disappointment was impossible. The Opera House is a beautiful place, with only ~~one~~ two faults. The balconies are only about ten feet from each other, and you feel oppressed by the nearness of the ceiling. And the check room is at the end of the



gentleman's smoking room, with room for only a very few to secure their coats at a time. Hence, after the play was over, there was a howling mob of gentlemen (?)

surging around the cloak-room door, endeavoring with might and main to get their overcoats and opera-hats, while impatient ladies in the foyer wondered why ~~they~~ their escorts did not return. "Gentlemen," I shouted, "if you didn't crowd so much back there, there would be some likelihood of those in front getting out and leaving room for others." It did no good. Those who had their coats could not squeeze out, and to make matters worse, the check-boys got rattled, and many a man went home wearing the wrong chapeau. The mob still fought, "and those behind cried forward, and those before cried back." So I dropped out (and even this was no easy matter, for I was more than half-way to the goal) and waited till the crowd thinned out. It was the first attempt to establish a free theatre check-room. Good principle, but it should have been made larger.



Sunday.

The Countess Opal, accompanied by Mrs. Metcalf, Virginia, Natalie, and Mirela came and spent the afternoon. We played croquet, — all but Opal, who explored the Jungalow and found "The King in Yellow," which she proceeded to read, — and we ate, and Opal played the piano and Abon the castanets, and Cloudeley recited "Ben Dufva," and then C and I escorted them all to the car. The Countess has fallen in love with Mamma, and Mamma has fallen in love with her. She is certainly a wonderful little person. Just as original and bright as can very well be, with the most charming personality I know of. She's real. And so very, very few are. Her musical ability is quite enough in itself to make one person interesting, yet that is nothing to what she is in herself. Much do I fear me that she will never play in the But Shandon Company, although she would prefer it to anything else just now. But Virginia wants her ward to be a professional pianist.

"grunt for the lady."



Sunday.

Today we prepared everything for the second visit of the Countess and her attendants. They came — all but the Countess — all but the only one we cared to see — the one for whose sake we invited all the rest! And we fed them the gallon of ice cream and the cakes and sandwiches, and Mrs. Bowman cackled all the afternoon, and the hateful little Clark hats made horrid noises and swung in the hammock, and rushed about the stage. And at last they went, and took with them a little box of sweets for the Countess, who leaves Thursday for New Mexico. I bought Chopin's Marche Funebre and Alon got Schubert's Serenade in two different keys for her to play, but they must wait till another time.



Wednesday

Abou, Grandma and I called on Mrs. Ingraham, and then on the Moores, where we staid to supper. Going from their house to the car I lost the red stone seal and gold bar from my ring. I was already late for Opal's piano recital, so I could not go back to look for it. The Countess played 18 long and difficult pieces, with her right arm full of rheumatism. Brave little girl! We walked back to the Bowman's with them. And the Countess and I strolled on ahead, and we talked of books. And she said she wished I'd get her "Lovey Mary". And I asked her if she'd ever read "The Man in Black". "No," she answered, "you may get me both!" The naïve way she said it made it impossible to resist. "All right," I said. I don't suppose she has ~~much~~ many of the little things she wants. And if anybody ever deserved them and could enjoy them more, show that person forth! Grandma hates the Bowmans, but she liked



Opal, having heard that she owned broad acres in Mexico. But last Sunday she talked to Mrs. Bowman, who is very jealous of the attention Opal receives. I don't know what the old cat said, but the other day Grandma, in her arrogant way, uttered her sentiments: "They say Opal's very poor!" All her liking changed in a moment. Shallow, shallow, shallow! Of all the people I know, R. B. S. takes things more from the surface — oh well, what does matter? Whenever I wonder why it is that she, who pretends to be the most righteous, noble-hearted, whole-souled, generous, peace-loving being in existence, is in reality entirely lacking in justice, kindness, generosity, and most of the other virtues, I always end with the query, "what does it matter?" There is something — though what it is I cannot tell — which gives her the appearance of a grand woman. She would have been splendid as the holder of many slaves, or as the assistant of Catherine the Great. As Dr. Peet said, "a vast mass of unorganized energies."



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Monday.

I got the pictures from Kranch this morning. They're not very good. Then I bought a dollar box of candy for Virginia and "Lovey Mary" and "The Man in Black" for the Countess and hied me to the Arcade. When the train had gone, and they had not appeared, I left the station to take a car home. And there on the sidewalk stood Virginia, who had just left a Depot car and was waiting for a Kenon. I went home with her, but Opal was not there. "And I told her to be sure to come back last night." She was at Long Beach, and probably not caring to come back Sunday, stayed over a day. I guess "Aunt Roddy" won't control her wilful young ward much longer! I was sorry not to see Opal, but glad to see how little that lady cared for her guardian's orders. I left the parting presents, and the "Funeral March" for the Countess to learn. They are coming over some day this week to say good bye.



Friday.

Mrs. Moore, Florence and Rena Hall came and spent the afternoon, and while they were here two postal cards came — one from Virginia, explaining that they were called away yesterday by a telegram, and had no time to run over and say good-bye; the other to me from Opal, thanking the King (his gracious "majesty") for the books. Naturally we talked about Opal to the Moores, and finally it cropped out that Rowena had been taking lessons of Opal's teacher, Mrs. Bruce, for eight years. Of course she hates Opal, who in two years has so far surpassed her that comparison is ridiculous. She probably hates everyone anyway, for she's the acme of envy, hatefulness, and "green-eyed jealousy." Ma told her she and Opal must play a duet some time for her. ~~"I don't"~~ "We don't know any pieces together," she spitefully replied.

They went at last.



Friday.

Today I paid Darlington \$25 for his services in the guardianship affair. "I guess that'll be about all." It has cost some few, though:

Mar. 19 - Guardian petition fee	\$6.00
Apr. 30 - Copies of papers	2.00
May. 7 - Secretary of state	2.50
Jun. 1 - Bridgeport Court	10.50
Jul. 17 - Darlington's fee	<u>25.00</u>
	46.00

In addition to this Mama gave Mrs. Scheffle \$2 to act as her bondsman. With the carfare, it makes about \$50. And in a little over a year, when I come of age, we have more bother getting rid of the guardianship.

En passant!



Wednesday

or

Weddingday

or

W. e. d. 's day.

They really were married, after all. I didn't believe Davis could like anyone long enough enough to last through the ceremony. His father performed the rigamarole. "You are the one to be congratulated," I told him; "Will is settled, and you have another <sup>niece</sup> daughter." "She looks like a good girl," he answered. On the way to the friend's house where they were married, I said to Davis, "Are you perfectly satisfied, Kid: are you glad everything is just exactly as it is?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, I hope you'll be very happy, then." When I went up to congratulate them after the ceremony, I kissed the bride and said: "You know how glad I am!" — Probably they do. And the kid answered, "Are you really glad?" "Of course I am, old man." My present was a dinner set of Haviland



china, which was addressed to W. E. Davis. All presents should be given to the bride, of course, but the best man has the privilege of presenting a razor or beer mug (something distinctly masculine) to the groom. I went the rule one better with the dishes, not having any desire to please Miss Morris, whom I detest, although I took her a box of roses for the kid's sake.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery were there, and so was Judge Variel's youngest son. As I generally wear overalls and a black shirt around the house, he has often seen me looking as might, perchance, a hobo. Now, he knew me at once, and I knew him. He wore a business suit, I was in full dress. We were introduced. "Variel, Variel," I repeated. "Don't you live over on the Heights?" Doubtless he likes me no better than he ever did, but it amused me greatly.

The cake and ices were good.



Friday.

I have just moved into my new rooms from the photograph gallery where I've been camping. None of the interior work is done except the alcove ceiling, but in time I hope to have it finished. My bed — my beautiful new black and gold bed — will be slept in tonight for the first time. Instead of a net over the bed, I have curtained the alcove <sup>opening</sup> with black mosquito netting, and covered the window with wire. They are charming little rooms, all windows and doors, and fitted with electric lights. And it's all due to Ma. I guess I won't mind letting her use some of my allowance!



Thursday.

Eva has come back. Hell-fire and damnation! Heaven grant she will not stay. There is a little incident I forgot to record, about the O'Shea business. Some time after my return from Stanford, O'Shea came up here to bluster and threaten, as he did several times. I went to the door when he knocked. I knew perfectly well who it was, and he was quite aware that I did know. I asked him what I could do for him, letting him stand in the hall. "I want to see your grandmother!" he blurted out. "Mrs. Spring, you mean?" "Yes, Mrs. Spring!" I let him in, and as he walked across the room I said to Grandma, "Here's a man wishes to see you on some business." Ed and Kate and Mamma were in the room, besides R.B.S., and Mr. O'Shea turned a lovely beery red. "So much for Buckingham."



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Sunday.

Clouderley and I have been playing Twenty Questions. Wonderful game. Talk about the Study of Latin to develop the mind! These are some of C's "choices":

1. The most active atom in the first protoplasmic cell. (I gave it up, after finding that it was an atom)
2. The first of the earth's atoms to be absorbed by the sun (same remark as above)
3. The most active worm eating Polonius. (Hamlet, IV-3)

Some of mine:

1. The blood Lady Macbeth imagined she saw on her hands (Macbeth, V-1). C. resigned.
2. "The pricking of my thumbs." (Macbeth, IV-1) <sup>not</sup> guessed.
3. The look on ~~Hamlet's~~ Polonius' face when Hamlet called him a "fishmonger". (Hamlet, II-2)  
C. resigned after finding it was something to do with Polonius when Hamlet said "Excellent well, you are a fishmonger."
4. The shadow of the raven. (C. guessed it in 22.)
5. The 13th pebble that "tinkled down the hose" of the tomb of Polydorus. (Londor: Espousals of Polyxena)  
C guessed it, practically, in 300 questions. He had never heard of the poem.



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Wednesday.

About two months ago Ma was startled one day by a queer rattling noise from somewhere around the kitchen. The sound was repeated at intervals of two or three hours, and at last we located it: directly in front of the dining-room door, under the floor of the studio. But the cause of the disturbance remained a mystery for a long time. It was like a huge rattle-snake, or the beating of a serpent's tail against the boards. Ma barricaded her stairway, and even thought of moving to the photograph gallery. I felt perfectly safe, way up here in my den, but I was very curious to know what on earth was responsible for that rattle. At last, about a week ago, Ma saw a wild-eyed, starving bitch crawl under the house, and then the wonder was explained. Soon after that we heard the squealing of pups; and yesterday, while Mrs. Metcalf was here, we noticed a very powerful odor of decaying dog. In the evening I saw a hole in the floor,



and dumped in a can of chloide of lime. This morning we took out six live pups and two not quite so active. We buried these two dead ones without stopping to discover their sex. The first five of the live ones were males. The sixth crawled about 10 feet away under the floor, and we had to fish for it with a rake. I told Cloudeley it was probably a female, and was anxious not to be killed, and sure enough it was "free-male", (as Peter said.) "Off with his head - so much for Buckingham!"

"Six little pointers, happy and alive - One of them was guillotined, and then there were five."

We expected Mrs. McAdams, but she did not come. I wonder if "Lord George" will ever get started?



Sunday.

Last evening ended my first week as Circulation Manager of Have a Smile — mostly errand boy and bill distributor, though. Arthur is such a queer. He thinks every bit that he or Loring writes is splendid and that everybody else's work is poor, or at best mediocre. And the paper will probably fail because of its being filled with his and Loring's Dot. It riles me to hear him go on about that little beast of his, as if he were a sort of a god. I very much hope, though, that the affair won't go under, as I am to be the dramatic critic, with passes to the theatres whenever I want them.

Yesterday afternoon Arthur wrote some letters of introduction for Laura Cotton, which I send today to her in New Jersey, where stays for two weeks. Arthur's letter to her, enclosing the notes, is a perfect thing of its kind; not too stilted, not too free, but just midway between.





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Published Every Thursday

Write Something for Us Yourself.  
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No. 207 New High Street

Los Angeles, Cal.,

September 19, 1903

My dear Miss Cotton:

Here you see my smiling letter head, and I am sure it will only be fair if you send me some day one of your charming smiles in return.

Enclosed you will find a few notes to old friends of mine in New York, and I hope they will will assume you the courtesy which a personal acquaintance would be sure to win for you.

Wishing you success and a pleasant trip, I claim the honor of signing myself,

Very respectfully your sincere friend,

Arthur Loring Mackaye



Monday.

About 2 weeks after Opal left for Los Angeles, Ma got a letter from her, written on paper monogrammed with a crown & a capital P. Mighty bright letter it was. I have kept it. J. P. answered it some few days later, and I added a word.

Opal replied to Ma's letter, but merely sent regards to me. Naturally I wrote no more.

J. P. replied, giving the "Countess" a scolding for taking the "title" seriously, and using monogram paper of that sort. She also referred to the lack of good breeding displayed by O.P. in not answering my note, which I think J. P. was in no way called upon to do.

Yesterday Virginia called, and while here gave Ma a letter from O.P. to her (Virginia) to read. This letter informed "Aunt Roddy" that she wished she had a book to read on the train on the way back to L.A. "Tell Bert," it said, "to send me a book and a box of champagne wafers." (!!!)



I have just written to ask her what book she wants, for, as I told her, if she chose the moon, it should be granted her.

I wrote a note to Luma Cotton, enclosing Arthur's letter and the letters of introduction. I wish to correspond with Hugh Gibson again, and with Luma Cotton, since they are both going abroad. It will be exceedingly pleasant to receive letters from foreign lands.

Arthur puts in the paper stuff which he has written in his worst style, so as to be bad enough for Loring to have composed, under Loring's name. Now Arthur's best style is quite bad enough, but this sort of thing will damn the concern. Clouesley and I both told him not to allow family considerations to influence him, but to throw out everything poor, no matter who wrote it. (he has the nerve to tell us Loring wrote the stuff, and of course we have ~~have~~ to act on that basis). So Arthur threw out one of C's best "poems" and some of my jokes, and honestly thought he was following our advice!



Wednesday.

I went to Pomona to work up a circulation for Have a Smile, and get a bit of advertising for it. But I'm afraid Pomona is not interested in our "unique" paper, and I'm quite sure nobody gave me an order to put an ad. in it.

I spent an hour in the Library. It's a much prettier affair than the inside of ours, and it has a building of its own, which is more than Los Angeles can boast. Of course there are nowhere near as many volumes in the Pomona Library as in ours, but from a few minutes' glancing over the shelves I got the impression that the selection of books was much better. Wilkie Collins' New Magdalen is there, and it's not in the L. A. Library. The \$10,000 statue of the Goddess Pomona is worth looking at, but it's not a very wonderful piece of work. I'd give, in my present circumstances, about a hundred dollars for it.

The Salt Lake Route reclining chairs are of exceeding comfort.



Thursday.

At last — 2 days late — Have a Smile is out. Only 6 copies, though: the rest (2,500) will be printed tomorrow. With the exception of Harry Carr's story and David G. Bailey's "Pha-  
Trig," the entire paper has been written by Arthur, Ma, Cloudeley and me. There are three things I have no aversion to: Acting, Dramatic Criticism, and War Correspondence. There is a kinship in these. Dramatic Criticism is allied to the stage, and is also newspaper work. War Correspondence is newspaper too. But any other form of journalism would be obnoxious to me. I like criticism of this kind. Besides the pleasure of seeing all the plays in town, I like to be able to throw it into the poor ones and express my satisfaction when by some rare chance anything fine comes to Los Angeles. Of course, I can't put my dislikes as strongly as I'd like to, but still, I can relieve my feelings to some extent.



Sunday.

The Countess is again in Los Angeles. Clouderley went over to the Bowmans' last night to get some magazines Mrs. Metcalfe left for him, and Virginia told him about Opal's return trip. It seems she sent Opal \$10, five of which was to pay her bill where she had to ~~stop~~ stop over for a change of cars, and the other five to pay her berth in the sleeper. And Opal arrived here with \$9.50, having spent only 50 cents! Lord knows what she ate (I suppose the wafers helped), or how she arranged at the stop-over place. The berth she dispensed with, and stayed all night in a reclining-chair. Ecce puella!

Clouderley goes north Tuesday morning to cruise for two months with Jack London on his yacht. He expects to finish The Cattle Den and write the rest of the gallops. It will be a little dull here for a while after he has gone.



Wednesday.

The Countess and her Aunt Roddy met us at Deans' in the afternoon, and Mama and Opal and I went out to see Mrs. Ingraham. She wasn't at home, but her idiot husband bored us for half an hour. Then we went over to Mrs. Moore's. She was away from home too. Opal played for us a while, and then we left, meeting the hulking Hansen as we ~~left~~ departed. I spent the evening at the Bowmans'. Opal played Chopin's Funeral March. She's funny! She never even mentioned the music, although I wrote to her twice about it. Oh, but she can play! She's very much subdued by the damned convent. Doesn't talk, and sits moderately quiet — for her. Cursed influence on a gloriously alive young girl! To hell with the Catholic Church! Opal was going with me to hear Augusta Cottlow on Friday evening, but Virginia wouldn't let her. She said Opal would be tired, as she had to practise that day, and couldn't be out late.



Nov. 8, 1903.

Dear Mrs. Metcalfe:

They tell me you are bearing your loss nobly, and we are all proud of you for it. But do not be too brave. Do not shut the anguish up within you, and let it eat its way into your ~~body~~ health.

"Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the overfrught heart, and bids it break."

Would that the sympathy of your friends could bring him back to you. How idle words are! Time alone can cover over the jagged flints which have cut so cruelly in the course.

You have still your other children to live for, and some day we shall hope to see you again the brave, happy little woman we all love,

"When God's great peace comes back  
along its golden track,  
With the glad new year at the door."

Very truly yours,  
Herbert Peet.



Saturday.

Mama, Gilead and I went down this morning to cash the drafts and do some shopping. G. and I intended to hire a rig and drive over in the afternoon with the pup, and G. was to take Katalie for a ride. But when I phoned, Katalie didn't care to go, or wouldn't. Virginia answered the telephone. She told me not to forget them entirely, and reminded me that I had left a book there. "It's overdue," I answered, "I'll come over tomorrow afternoon: will you all be at home?" "Yes, do," she answered. G. and I went a-buying, and then to bathe I lost a \$20 gold-piece, but the porter found it, after I'd given it up. I think he found it before, and merely pretended to find it the second time, when he saw how determined I was to have it found, since it couldn't leave by itself. I figured this out afterward. At the time I thought the porter perfectly honest (and doubtless he was), and I gave him a quarter (of a dollar).

G. and I dined at the Hollenbeck at the former's expense.